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Tales and Illustrations, chiefly intended for Young Persons. By Charlotte Elizabeth. Dublin, published by the Religious Tract and Book Society.

A series of stories intended apparently to answer the same purpose to the children of the educated classes, that the shorter and cheaper tracts are designed to effect with the children of the poor. This is not exactly the way that we should choose to teach our children religion, but we must do these tales the justice to acknowledge that they are written in a pious and christian spirit, and we do not hesitate to recommend them as safe and profitable Sunday reading, for those young persons who are already well-informed in the doctrines and theory of religion, but who require it to be brought more home to their bosoms and business, that they may have the Divine Being, his love, his attributes, and his requirements, perpetually present in all their thoughts.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE. LAW MAGAZINE.

EVERY profession is now provided with a well conducted periodical, devoted to the promotion of its interests, and the supply of its wants. To the general reader, the title "Law Magazine," would, we fear, prove very uninviting, and certainly though there are articles, such as the lives of eminent lawyers, which would be entertaining to every scholar, still the work will not, on the whole, be likely to obtain extensive circulation, outside the legal profession. This periodical has completely eclipsed the Jurist, and deservedly, for it is conducted with much more energy and spirit; it consists, for the most part, of concise and well written essays on doubtful points of law which it professes to clear up, for the great edification of the student, and also, there have appeared a series of articles on conveyancing, composed with considerable taste, and containing much practical information. The life of Selden is not such as we should have expected, it is poorly done, the less excusable when we consider the ample materials which the varied events of his life supplied, connected as they were with the most stirring times of English history. The sketch of the great Fearnie is done in better taste, and exemplifies the truth which Brougham has so repeatedly proclaimed, that the highest professional attainments are not incompatible with general and comprehensive knowledge. The "tittle tattle" of the bar is all given in an appendix, from which we extract the following anecdotes:—"Mr. Justice— was particularly attentive during the whole of his circuit, to the arrangement of the gallery, and the comfort of the country girls and bumpkins who came to stare at him, and on one occasion he actually broke off a summing up with "Mr. Under Sheriff, I should be glad to know what that fat man means, by pressing against those two young women in the third row of the gallery." And on another occasion, he singularly diversified his reply to an honourable foreman of a grand jury, by a somewhat similar parenthesis—"really Mr. Foreman, I am so exhausted, so worn out with the conduct, the outrageous conduct—(note, the witness, amongst other profanities, kept on saying, that what he deposed to was, 'as sure as God made apples')—of the witness in the box, that—there now is another man standing up in the gallery with his hat on, and," added

his Lordship with a deep sigh, "and a tall man too." Again, Mr. Baron— once passed sentence of transportation on a prisoner, by telling him in a tone of thunder, "your indignant country shakes you from her shores;" and excited the imagination of another offender who had incurred a still severer penalty, by telling him, "the sun now rising in meridian splendour will shortly light you to an ignominious dissolution."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Schiller's Briefwechsel mit Göthe von dem Jahre 1794 bis 1805. 5. Th. 1827-29.—Stuttgard und Tübingen.

A man who after a long interval has met again with the friend of his youth, who had assisted to form his taste, to improve his heart, and who had opened to him a store of endless enjoyment, will be able to represent to his mind the mournful pleasure with which we enjoyed the delightful correspondence of *Schiller* with such a kindred spirit as *Göthe*. Published now, after twenty-five years of silence in the grave, it seems as if the same friendly and heart-stirring voice were once again to recall the world to that admiration which was bestowed on him, (and never bestowed more justly,) while living, by all who had souls to feel, and minds to reason. We have some misgivings, however, that we shall meet with but little sympathy from the majority of our readers, so few in this *ultima Irlanda*, can, comparatively speaking, enjoy the transcendental beauties of this poetical enchanter; yet the English reader can not find any author so similar to *Shakspeare*, in true sublimity and fidelity to nature; but *Schiller* wrote in a character so like old English, and so difficult to decipher, that few will undertake the trouble of reading him in the original. Well, we shall not quarrel with those whose prejudices, or whose idleness, prevent them from making themselves as happy as their neighbours; and, though addressing ourselves principally to these latter, to give them some account of our author, and perhaps make a convert or two, yet we hope to refresh in the memories of our German readers also, amongst whom we are happy to number some of our fairest and dearest friends, the pleasing impressions made upon them by their perusal of the great *Schiller*.

Frederick Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, in Wirtemberg. He was the only son of a Lieutenant in the Duke's service, and was early placed at the *Carlsschule*, in Stuttgart, where he studied surgery, and already gave proofs of his exalted imagination, which were not, however, at all well received by his superiors in that unimaginative profession. He published his first poems in 1775, but nothing of extraordinary excellence appeared till his *Robbers*, in 1780, which produced, as every body knows, an immense sensation throughout Germany, and brought him into disgrace with the Government, on account of some obnoxious passages the play contained. He was obliged to fly to Mannheim, where, after having practised for a while, as surgeon to a regiment, he was engaged as Dramatist to the Theatre, which, as in some other cities of Germany, was rising by the genius and taste of *Iffland*, *Kotzebue*, *Göthe*, &c., as authors, and *Winter*, *Mozart*, and others, as musical composers. The theatres in the smaller states of Germany, are kept up in a manner totally incomprehensible to one

who can judge only from the tasteless and shabby exhibitions of our provincial theatres. The instrumental part of a performance is so correct, the choruses so well maintained, and an opera is not performed to show off one actor, in the manner in which an Irish audience is sometimes entertained. The cause is partly owing to the general sound and critical taste of the Germans, and partly to the encouragement given by the princes, so as to secure rational and elegant and improving performances for their subjects. In Mannheim, among other productions, chiefly published in the *Thalia*, he wrote *Fiesko*, and *Cabale und Liebe*. By these he soon became popular, though the last is a frightful picture of the corruption of a German most serene court. Driven, however, by his restless spirit, he roved from Mannheim to Mainz, (Mentz,) to Leipsig, to Dresden, and in the course of that time wrote *Don Carlos*, the first Act of which he read to the Grand Duke of Weimar. This was the commencement of a friendship honorable alike to the prince and to the poet, and which the former wished to extend even beyond the grave, for his mortal remains repose beside *Schiller's*, and when the venerable *Göthe* shall at length be called from his labours and worldly honors, a place is prepared for him by the side of his friends.—*Schiller's* poetical exercises were interrupted repeatedly by philosophical and historical studies; yet poetry seems still to have had most influence over his mind. He thus expresses himself in one of his letters to *Göthe*:—"I cannot express to you how painful the feeling is, which I experience at quitting a production of this sort, (*Göthe's Wilhelm Meister*), to look into matters of philosophy. There all is so serene, yet so lively, so harmoniously resolved, and so humanly true. Here all is so severe, so rigid, and abstract, and so extremely unnatural, because all nature is but *Synthesis*, and all philosophy *Antithesis*. Indeed, I dare bear testimony to myself, that I have remained as faithful to nature in my speculations, as consists with the idea of Analysis; perhaps I have remained more faithful to her, than our *Kantists* will consider permitted or possible; but nevertheless, I do not feel the less vividly the infinite contrast between life and reasoning; and I cannot help sometimes explaining as a deficiency in my nature, what, in a more serene moment, I must consider as a natural property of the thing itself. This much is, however certain, the poet is the only true man, and the best philosopher is only a caricature in comparison of him."

Schiller's great historical attainments were, however, of vast use to him in his dramatic compositions, as he has uniformly preserved a striking and delightful propriety of character and scene, in which respect he, of course, surpassed our own *Shakspeare*, who was not very particular as to a metabasis of time and country, but represented human nature in large and general features, as it appears in all men and all times. His historical acquirements *Schiller* also employed in writing a History of the Revolution of the Netherlands, under Philip the Second, an undertaking which he never completed, and which was suggested to him by *Watson's* admirable work, which being a general History of Philip, of course, gives only a short account of that memorable struggle between tyranny and liberty, but was sufficient to fire a soul like *Schiller's*, open as it was to every thing generous and noble; we would only refer our readers